

# What Passes Now For Moral Discourse

- Rafael Campo

© Lord, for whom we yet yearn, hear my prayer.  
Here we are, before the moment of rapture.  
The world, back-broken, awaits the last rupture —  
When God looks away, appalled by the horrors  
we each inflict upon the nameless other,  
in the name Christ, or Allah, whose grandeur  
we diminish. We have become the creature  
no deity would deign to call “child.” Lovers  
fear the body’s speech, and the heart’s sad labors  
go on and on and on, each beat like torture.  
The ends justify the means: time of terror,  
time of vanquishing the Evil Empires,  
of Great Communicators, private payers,  
time of learning all we know from news features.  
Here, now, the moment when we lose our future —  
O Lord, whoever you are, hear my prayer.